

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

Or rather say the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend.

I have a daughter, have while she is mine,  
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,  
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise.

*To the Celestiall, my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.  
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase: but  
you shall heare, thus in her excellent white bosome, These, &c.*

*Que en.* Cameth this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithfull.

*Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.*

*Doubt that the sunne doth move,*

*Doubt truth to be a lyer,*

*But never doubt I love.*

*O deare Ophelia I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to  
reckon my groanes; but that I love thee best, O most best believe  
it: Adieu. Thine evermore most deare Lady, whilst this  
machine is to him, Hamlet.*

*Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter shewne me,  
And more about have his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,  
All given to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath she receiv'd his love?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honourable:

*Pol.* I would faine prove so; but what might you thinke  
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,  
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)  
Before my daughter told me; what might you  
Or my deare Majestie your Queen here thinke,  
If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,  
Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,  
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,  
And my young Mistresse thus I did bespeake:  
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy sphere,  
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,

That

## Prince of Denmarke.

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she tooke the fruits of my advice;  
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,  
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a Fast,  
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,  
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension  
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,  
And all we mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke 'tis this?

*Que.* It may be very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would faine  
That I have positively said, 'tis so,  
When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Nor that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise,  
If circumstances lead me, I will finde  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the Centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres  
Here in the Lobby.

*Queen.* So he does indeed:

*Pol.* At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him  
Be you and I behind the Arras then,  
Marke the encounter; if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason false thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a State,  
But keep a Farme and Carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter*

*Queen.* But look where sadly the poore wretch

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you both away,  
Ile board him presently. Oh give me leave.  
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you know me, my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

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